Seashore

Mary Reynolds
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

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Reflections
by
Sharilynn Battaglia

The last leaf lay dying,
a stalwart remnant of summer's heated society,
used and abused by the sun,
and other elements of nature's hostility,
is now only a shell
of what it was in its youth,
waiting for the imminent fate
of being trampled
underneath the feet
of a new generation.

Seashore
by
Mary Reynolds

A place where the lost and lonely go,
A place to find their souls,
To be swallowed up for a few precious moments
by the infallible strength of the waves
and by their enduring beauty
The spell is soon broken, however,
when the demanding fingers of life
pull their tormented bodies
back to the burden of living

"But I want that flower..."
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